EDITORIALS BY THE LAITY

HOW ANARCHISTS ARE WATCHED IN ENGLAND. By CHARLES T. KING.

WHILE the rich man and the ruler hold their place in the world's system, the Anarchist, either as a dreamer or as a doer, will in all probability continue to exist.

Still, it will be surprising to most people to learn that the Anarchist gathers and dwells not only in the polyglot purlieus of Soho, but also in several of the most innocent-looking suburbs of London.

Plotting a little, dreaming much, a colony of Nihilists has settled down upon calm, colorless Leytonstone, reading greatly and raving at intervals.

A band of Anarchists is chafing with impatience at Silvertown; friends of the Clan-na-Gael, the Mafia, and other secret societies of men and women whose hands are turned against society breathe out threats and slaughter at Forestihill; a pretty neat of Armenians, as everybody knows, was disturbed six months ago at Peckham, and meetings full of wild talk against existing powers are being held at Whitechapel.

I have mingled with plotting Turks at Shepherd's-bush, Mr. Littlechild and his merry men have swept out a group of Fenian dynamiters in Islington; and, finally, there has been for years past a touch of Anarchy is one of the quietest residential roads of Camden Town.

But Soho, of course, combines the Anarchistical characteristics of them all.

The peace-loving suburban resident need have no fear of annihilation as he nails up his Virginia creeper on Saturdays, nor need he seriously apprehend on passing down Whitehall any swift and sudden repetition of that wild day when the dynamitards blew out a corner of Scotland Yard.

For every movement of the Anarchist—his goings out and comings in, his gathering together, his years of pondering over German books in the study, and his stealthy days of bomb-making in the cellar, his wild harangues on the club platform, his batches of Continental correspondence, his consorting with other dreamers, dreaming of a new form of society which they shall inaugurate by means of the bomb and the pistol and the poisoned dagger—all these things are closely watched from the great red-brick sphinx that stands in New Scotland Yard.

"I have not been in England many hours, but detectives have already been to me," said Ciabbatini, who had just been expelled from France as "dangerous," to me as we stood talking in a rendezvous of would-be regicides in the heart of Soho.

It is quite an ordinary looking place from the outside. Just a tailor's shop, with cloth shown in the window for sale. In the street outside people were talking in various languages, and in the shop several men were pouring out a torrent of Italian.

"Is Mr. Ciabbatini here?" I asked.

"No. Oh, no, no," replied a dark-skinned Italian, shaking his head violently.

But I had in my pocket a paragraph cut from a Paris paper. It was headed "Dangerous Anarchist Expelled," and stated that on being ordered out of France, Caibbatini had taken boat for England.

This innocent-looking house, fronted by its tailor's shop, I knew as the principal rendezvous of Italian Anarchists on arriving in England.

A tall, lissome man at the back of the group started as I mentioned the name of Ciabbatini and then stood by laughing at the dialogue between the proprietor and myself.

This was a help to confidence, and the assurance that I knew him bowled him out.

"I am glad," he said, when we had chatted long together upon Anarchy and its aims. "I am very glad to have arrived on the hospitable soil of England. You don't expel us for free speech," he said, with a joyous laugh, and talking in the staccato French of the migrated Italian. "Of course, the English detectives watch us here; we cannot move without their knowledge; none of our acts seems to be secret from Scotland Yard, but I am free to live in England, and I am going to work in London here at my trade, and work also for the cause of the oppressed. I should be put into prison for having incited the workers of Marseilles if I set foot in France. Bah! They took me from my wife. But here in England I am free—free!"

Another Anarchist, who evidently did not believe in honor among bomb-throwers, had occasion to marvel still more.

Traitor to his comrades, he sat at one of their secret meetings, and went the next day to Scotland Yard with a view to telling the head of the special Anarchist branch all about the plotting.

"There was a secret meeting last night," he began. "And it was held"—

"Yes, I know all about it. You can get outside," answered the expert in Anarchy.

He had had one of his own men at the meeting itself. Carefully disguised, the fearless detective had made close acquaintances of the comrades," and, seated around the table with them, had taken part in the discussion, and had learned all their plans. Discovery of his identity while in that close-locked room might have meant death.

This particular detective system was perfected by Mr. Melville, and there is no doubt that his expert successor, Mr. Patrick Quinn, also a clever Irishman, who enjoys the close personal confidence of the King, has just as firm a grasp of these nests of human vipers.

Many a time has Mr. Melville joined Anarchist secret societies in the mazes of the dance, learning himself at first hand while waltzing with their womankind the aspirations, ways, means and plans of persons whose central aim in life was to put some ruler to death.

Time after time has the special branch at Scotland Yard found men without a penny in their pockets, but a loaded revolver carefully concealed about them, and in their heads a great dream of a new order of society to be attained by the slaughter of some foreign potentate.

While England is more infested with known Anarchists than most other countries, she and her rulers are the most safe from their deeds of violence. While Presidents and monarchs of France, Spain, Russia, the United States and other countries have been attacked in recent years by Anarchists whom they have striven to suppress, our Sovereign has been safe.

As for the fearless men who are now watching their movements and rendering them practically harmless by the continuance of the system of close surveillance founded by such men as Littlechild and Melville, it may be said of them that they find new joy in every discovery, and new satisfaction in each frustration of a plot.

WHY PEOPLE OF LARGE CITIES DO NOT GO TO CHURCH

By Fletcher Robinson.

ARE the people of London, Paris, New York and other large cities drifting back to paganism or why is it that in none of them more than eighteen per cent. visit church on Sunday?

Many clergymen ascribe the decline in London's church-going to a weakening of religious belief. But there is no reason to take so pessimistic a view. There are many other causes which affect Sunday attendance, causes which directly arise from the growth of our vast city, from the strenuous competition in modern business, from the nerve fag and brain fag of the workers, and from alterations in the manners and customs of all classes of society.

The village church was the centre of the village life a half-century ago; and in many parts of the country it remains in this respect unchanged. The chapel shared, and still shares, its position. The children are taught their religion in the Sunday schools by whatever branch of the Christian creed these establishments are conducted and maintained. They grow up to associate Sunday with the old place of worship, to reverence those who lead and conduct its services. Few, even of the youngest, are absent, for the parents, should they stay at home themselves, like to get the children away for the morning.

As in youth, so in the riper middle age. The church and chapel become the meeting ground of the villagers, separated by scattered farms and lonely cottages during the working week. They gather before the doors after service, greeting each other and saluting those above them in station. Should a well-known figure be absent, it is understood that he is ill, and inquiries are made concerning him.

The squire and his family regularly attend. They may be modern enough in their views, careless enough in their religious observances when in London for the season. But on their own land, among their own people, they fill the great pews under the ancestral coat or arms just as their forebears filled it, for an example, if for nothing else.

Are there sports to be held, the clergyman is on the committee. There are suppers for the bellringers, excursions for the choir, treats for the Sunday school; there are mothers' meetings and clothing clubs. The Nonconformists hold their social gatherings and concerts. Church and chapel still remain the hub of the social wheel in rural England.

Are they so in town?

The question would be laughable were not the answer a subject for regret to many of us.

London is a mass of humanity pitchforked together by a careless fate. To speak unpalatable truth, there is no city in the world that possesses less of a corporate entity. What percentage of its people record their vote in a Country Council election? It is absurdly small. There are thousands on thousands who do not know what parish they live in, nor do they trouble to inquire.

As competition grows keener so do working hours lengthen and leisure hours decrease for all classes. To the professional and commercial men has come a new disease—brain fag. Society, apparently inspired by the custom of the times, endeavors to emulate the rush and whirl of a workaday existence by leaving shattered nerves as a legacy for those who serve it faithfully.

Sunday! What a blessed name it is to London. It is a day of rest, but not in its religious significance. To rest from labor is to leave the smoky old town and fly to the country for a breath of fresh air that can give stamina and endurance to the body for another week of toil.

And thus it is that Sunday trains pour forth their golfers, that Sunday roads throb with motors by the hundred and cycles by the thousand. Those who cannot afford such trips do the best they can for their tired bodies by staying in bed until noon.

How can you get these people into church? It is a problem that no bench of bishops can answer. It would almost seem that you must first reform the system under which we live. Yet if we give more leisure through the week, less ardor to commercial and professional existence, how are we to hold our own as a nation against America or Germany?

There can never be that reverence and affection for a London church that the country people feel for the gray old House of God perched upon the hill and ringed about with whispering elms and melancholy yews. Their fathers and grandfathers were married there, and now lie buried there under the waving grass of that peaceful acre.

In the old pews they sat as children, fretful under the eye of the clerk, as the sermon droned into tedium; there were they married, and at the ancient font their first-born were christened. The greatest joys and deepest sorrows of their lives are bound up with the village church and its graveyard. And as it is with them, so has it been with their forebears through the generations.

But in London we change too quickly. From one parish to another we flit with no regret for broken associations. Where were you christened, where married? Almost will some of the true bred Cockneys forget. Where will be your burial? Some well-kept, dismal park where you will be with thousands of the other forgotten dead who in ten years have none left to lay a wreath upon the marble slab above them, or to stand and think upon their memory.

In the village those who knew the good man or gentle-hearted woman whose tomb-stone rises beside the walk to the church door will speak of them for many years, even pointing out their graves to the children that they, too, may remember some one who did his duty in the little community in which he dwelt for a while.

The clergy of all denominations are working harder in our greatest of cities than ever before. It is not their fault that pews stand empty of a morning. But the parishioners have lost touch with churches and chapels. The great sea of London has swallowed them up. When old ties and old associations are broken, when no one knows his next-door neighbor or troubles to inquire, when gold is the supreme desire of our frank civilization, when labor is a feverish struggle to acquire wealth for display, it is not strange that the steeple among the chimneys has lost the influence of the old tower that rose above the apple blossoms in a cleaner, sweeter life.

When we discuss the religious aspect of this great question, let these facts be also remembered.

FORWARD MOVEMENT IN OUTDOOR ART. By PROF. L. H. BAILEY, OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

THERE is a distinctly forward tendency in the apprehension and appreciation of beauty in outdoor scenes and objects. This tendency is but one expression of the general awakening of the human mind to an interest in all objects and phenomena of the world. Our sympathies are expanding, our interests are constantly more numerous, the resources of our lives are richer and deeper.

Outdoor art is the expression of the human mind in terms of the beauty of landscape. A landscape is a particular bit of scenery. Our artistic interest in the landscape proceeds from two general sources—mere beauty and special acquaintance with particular objects. It will profit us to consider some of the ways in which this new interest expresses itself.

I. I think we may safely say that the first great evidence of this new growth is to be found in the rise of the art-sense itself. Rural art is not a thing apart, but is only a special application or expression of the art-sense. It needs only a statement of the fact to carry conviction that the art-sense is rising with great steadiness and rapidity. Year by year there is wider demand for good pictures, good music, good literature, good furniture, good architecture. We are constantly impressed by the multitude of persons who are satisfied with mediocre or even poor accessories; but we must remember that more persons are being touched with the new spirit, and that many, or even most of them, are yet only in a transition stage. Consider the wonderful interest in beautifully illustrated magazines and books, and then answer whether tastes have changed within a generation.

At first, the application of beauty to the home is an accessory and an incident. Gradually it becomes a part of us, central to our lives. We demand it as a part of the satisfaction of living. The more vital and personal it becomes to us, the more do we care for the soul of it and the less for mere conventional efforts at it. We pass through the epoch of chromos, bric-a-brac, curios, carpet-bedding, barbered bushes, gew-gaw architecture, into the solid and steady and soulful means of expression. Do you remember the epoch of the "what-not"—that nondescript piece of furniture that stood in the corner of the self-conscious parlor for the accommodation of all the bits of unrelated trinkets that the good housewife could accumulate? Have you seen the front-yard with pretty posie-beds dropped on it?

Along with all the other gowth of the art-sense is the rise of the desire of cleanliness. To be clean is as much an art-expression as a sanitary measure. I fancy that if we could analyze the sources of the desire to be clean we should find it to proceed more from the satisfaction of being clean than of being healthful; and the satisfaction of being clean is born very largely of the "looks" of it, else why does clean dress seem to precede clean person, and clean front-yards to precede clean back-yards? No art expression is possible without cleanliness. A dirty yard is never a beautiful yard. Tin cans and roses do not comport.

Another evidence of the growth of the art-sense is the increasing effort at comfort in our homes and grounds. We are never really at home until the home is comfortable. An uncomfortable home cannot be artistic, because it is not adapted to its ends. A house is made for use, not as a means of displaying odd entrances and impossible windows and tin-pin trimmings. A garden is for use and satisfaction, not for the accomodation of crooked walks nor piles of curious stones nor even for gaudy bushes.

II. In the second place, the art-sense has been aroused by the altruistic spirit, as religion and education have. We would extend the influence of good music and pictures and art-objects to other homes. We would have the perception of beauty become universal. We have come into an epoch of gardening-for-others. Not only have we improved our own front-yard and back-yard, but we want similar improvement made for the street-side, the vacant lot, the cemetery, the church premises, the school ground, the park, the railway property, the countryside. Manufacturers are improving and beautifying their premises and are leading their employes into similar desires. We have come to feel that the public has rights regarding beauty, as it has regarding safety and sanitation. We are coming to feel that scenery belongs to the people, and that it has value. Every street is a scene. Scenery is as much an asset of a village or a city as water supply and sewerage systems are.

All this marks the rise of civic pride. A city is no longer a collection of houses. It is an organism. It is not enough that a city merely grows. It must grow symmetrically. Fifty years ago a city library or park was not a necessity; now it is. We are coming into a science of city-building. We shall formulate principles governing the relationship of residence-part to business-part, distribution of buildings, styles of architecture, inter-relationships of sanitary, transportational, lighting, heating and other systems with the welfare and beauty of the city as a whole. The development of this science will mark the downfall of the ward politician. Government is not merely a series of offices. We are coming to a new basis of civic betterment.

It is an interesting indication of the stage of development at which we now live to say that one may not offend his neighbor's purse, but that he may often offend his eyes and ears with impunity. If I put up a fence that shades my neighbor's cabbages, he can collect damages; but he may paint an offensive sign advertising his medicine or his dry-goods and I may only complain. Yet, as a matter of fact, my eyes are as good as his money. No person or concern has a moral right to erect a sign that offends the aesthetic sense of the public. And yet where can we go without seeing such signs and being offended by the hideous ness and cheapness of their glaring impertinence? One needs fairly to shut his eyes as he travels into New York over the railroads. Our wide and free landscapes, our gorges and cliffs, our buildings, are despoiled by these obtrusive excresences. The public is surely rising against them, and restrictive regulations are gradually accumulating.

Another expression of this altruistic spirit is the desire to preserve natural objects and scenery. To rescue and save for the public, to whom they rightfully belong, the best works of nature is surely just as commendable as to preserve the works of human masters. States have a right to seize and save such great natural features as the Adirondacks, the Palisades, the redwoods, the Yellowstone, The Niagara Reservation in New York established a precedent, the validity of which is now universally recognized. In its sphere, the city or the town has the right to take and preserve the smaller features within its range. Such preservation of local features has a powerful influence on the boys and girls, wholly aside from its instrinsic influence in increasing the attractiveness of the place; for it is of little use to teach the children about the wonders that are far off if we neglect the features that are near.

III. A third expression of the forward movement in rural art is the great increase in co-operative effort in these lines. There are many societies, all occupying useful fields, and it is gratifying to know that the national societies are to be co-ordinated, or thereby their efficiency will be increased.

The rise of the art and improvement societies is practically the product of a decade. Already these organizations are doing established work of permanent value in many lines. This work will soon tell. Every town, city and village will be aroused to the importance of making itself clean and attractive; and the influence will gradually spread to the open country.

IV. There has emerged a new profession, one that deals with outdoor art. Once it was called landscape gradening, but it has to do with much more than mere gardening or even artificial landscapes. Later, as now, it was called landscape architecture, but it has to do with much more than architecture, unless we use the word in a very large and unfamiliar sense. The truth is, this new profession includes both landscape gardening and landscape architecture, and much more. It covers in its sweep the whole out-of-doors, telling us wherein lies the beauty in the landscape, what is the artistic interest in the given hill or plain, in what part of the landscape the buildings would best be placed for artistic effect as well as for utilitarian purposes, what styles of architecture will comport best with the surroundings, what general style of handling and sub-dividing will best suit the genius of the place. The American Park and Outdoor Art Association, made up at first of those who practiced this profession, now includes, significantly, in its hundreds of members men and women of every sort who have at heart the aesthetic betterment of their environment. A lawyer is its president.

This association and this new profession are to relate our surroundings to the increasing artistic temper of our lives, to weld into harmony the many enterprises that are now isolated and separate. For example, the park, as understood in this country, has been usually an isolated feature. Now it is to be related with the whole city or with its whole neighborhood. It will be a part of the landscape in which it sits; not the whole landscape; or, better, the whole landscape may be a park. The thoroughfares will be connected with it, as nerves are connected with a ganglion. The landscape of a whole country (as of Essex county, New Jersey) will be brought under the general control of this artist. All the environs of a city (as of Boston), with its hills and streams and banks and roads and lakes and shores and marshes and forests, will be put in his hands. In such bold handling as this, mere formal parks are but incidents; yet, to the landscape gardener of a generation ago, the park was the culmination of professional effort.

Finally, this new art expresses itself in our increasing intimacy with the objects in nature. We are coming to know the animals and the plants and the brooks better. The things with which a man lives, these are the means by which he can best be reached. To put the child first of all into books is to lead it away from its own world into a realm of unrealities. The tendency of our education has been to lead away from the things with which a man has to do. Government is some far-off chimera. The child goes to school in one world; it comes home to another world. All this now is changing. The hamlet or the city is the place in which to study government and social questions. The plant that grows at one's feet, the bee in the nearest flower, the landscape that is commonest, these are the avenues to nature and to the larger life that lies ahead. The whole point of view of our education has shifted from the subject-matter to the child. This is the "new education." Every modern school is a recruiting ground for the new outdoor art.

Ithaca, N. Y.

FAMOUS WORKS OF ART. A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, By TER BORCH

THIS portrait of "a young gentleman" by Ter Borch very well typifies the Holland of the seventeenth century, in whica the artist lived. It is the portrait of an educated, well balanced, self-sufficient young man. There is the grace of well-bred youth in the figure; the face is strong and intelligent and there is a feeling of self-sufficiency in the whole which is characteristic of the Dutchman of the period, who had successfully maintained their independence on land and sea against great odds. They were masters of themselves and owed allegiance to none but themselves.

Her artists didn't have to go "abroad" to study, they were the full grown product of their own soil, and they found ample themes for their brushes and their colors at home. They embalmed in the amber of their genius the lives of their own countrymen. They loved their Holland and all it contained.

This portrait was painted when Holland was at her zenith, when her young men embodied that for which she stood in the world—independence. There is nothing meretricious in either the young man or his environment. The book on the table is probably a Bible, and in all probability it came from the Plantin press at Antwerp. There are no gorgeous draperies or trappings in the room—the strong personality of the young man dominates and holds the attention. He is evidently the son of some well-to-do burgher, and has had the advantage of a good education and a sound training. He is probably a typical young gentleman of the period, trained to be either a merchant or to enter the servise of his country in some capacity that calls for a culture above that of the ordinary walks of life.

Ter Borch was himself such a young man, the son of somewhat wealthy parents, and in a position to meet just such young men in his own country at the time. His father was also an artist of some ability and a man who had traveled a little. The son, Gerard Ter Borch, or as he is sometimes called, "Terburg," was born in Zwolle in 1617 and died at Deventer in 1681. One of his most famous paintings is that of "The Peace of Munster," when the Dutch and Spanish envoys signed the treaty by which Spain acknowledged her defeat in the Netherlands. This is a small painting about 18x24 inches, yet containing some 30 figures, each one of which is perfectly painted. Meissonier, the eminent French painter, at one time after traveling a long distance to see this painting, said that the study of any separate face in the painting had more than repaid him for his journey.

Ter Borch was so perfect as a draftsman, and his coloring was so exquisite that one seldom feels either in his pictures. One becomes instantly absorbed in the subject of the painting, it is so unconsciously natural and so well done. He painted many portraits and genre subjects—both indoors and out of doors—all evidently true to life. His soldiers are real soldiers, his women are real flesh and blood women and what there is of landscape or interior is always true.

Ter Borch studied under Pieter Molyn at Haarlem. He had ample means to travel, and he visited England, Spain and Italy, but there is no apparent evidence of his travels in any of his pictures, and although he is reputed to have painted a good deal while in Madrid, at the same time that the great Spanish artist, Velasquez was court painter, none of these paintings has been found. He is said to have been a great admirer of Velasquez, which is natural, but there is not the slightest trace of Velasquez's influence in the work of Ter Borch.